THE
Run-awyaes Anſwer,

To a Booke called,

A Rodde for Runne-awayes.

IN VVHICH
Are ſet downe a Defence for their Running, with ſome Reaſons perſwading *ſome of them neuer to come backe.*

The vſage of LONDONERS by the Countrey; *People; drawne in a Picture, artificially looking two* waies, (foorth-right, and a-ſquint:) With an other Picture done in *Lant-skipp*, in which the *Londoners* and Countrey-men dance a Morris together.

LASTLY,
A *Runne-awaies* Speech to his Fellow *Run-awaies*, Arming them to meete *Death* within the Liſtes, and not to ſhunne him.

Printed MDCXXV.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

TO OVR MVCH RESPECTED AND VE-ry worthy Friend, Mr. H. CON-DELL at his Countrey-house in FVLLAM.

SIR,

AT our parting from *London* to vndertake our sadde Peregrination into the Countrey, (amongst our Friends who are hard to be found) It pleased you to bestow vpon vs a free and Noble Farewell. We remember it with thanks, which cuts off the sinne of Ingratitude; yet because Thankes, is but one word, and that your loue cannot receiue a Requitall but in many, wee send you a little bundle of Papers, full. For being Abusde in a Booke Printed at *London*, in which we were called *Runne-awayes*, Wee in this our Defence request you to be an Arbiter, to Iudge, whether we haue not iust cause, to stand

vpon our Guard, in ſo ignoble an Oppoſition. You are neerer to *London* then wee, by many miles, and therefore intreate you to Publiſh to ſo many freinds of ours (as you know) This our entring into the Liſts in ſo braue a point of Honour. Thus wiſhing all happineſſe to you, and a continuation of health, We reſt

From Oxford, *and elſewhere*, Septem. 10. 1625.

Your moſt louing Freindes.

B. V.
S. O.
T. O.
A. L.
V. S.

Not to the Reader:

(For any man may Reade a Booke at a Stall) But to Him that Buyes first, and then Reades.

WE Londoners *in the Countrey, haue bin (since our going) most fearefully Abused. VVho can endure to be called* Runawayes, *yet put it vp? Is there no Law in* London? *In the Countrey wee haue too much: VVould it were once come, that wee might haue a full Audience, to the ende we may vtter our griefes openly, for we haue beene playde vpon too long, The* Rod *has bene held ouer vs too long, and wee are Payd for our* Running. *But wee intreate Some-Body to step to No-Body in Smithfield, neere the Hospitall Gate, and acquaint him, that* Tom Tell-Troth, *who came last weeke to Towne with Newes,*

How Countrey-People, Citizens abuse,
Is now as good as his word, for this Booke which hee

then promiſde. Bid him therefore ſend all his Paper-Kites flying from his Stall, quite through the Citie, and from one Eude to th'other to giue notice of this our Anſwere. Bid him likewiſe to tell all Stationers, who haue any of thoſe Bookes (called A Rodde for Run-awayes) *that it were good for 'em to ſell them away as faſt as they can, for when wee come to Towne, they ſhall be All callde in.*

Farewell.

The Runn-awayes Answere.

THere hath of late come foorth a Three-sheete-printed-Pamphlet (as if the *Rodde* had but three Twigges only) written (as the Title seemes to promise) by some Schoole-maister, for he calles it, *A ROD FOR RVNNE-AWAIES*. But We, vpon whom those poore and wretched Names are pinned, no way enduring so to be lash'd ouer the face in scorne, snatch the *Rodde* out of his hand; and to make him smart a little, thus print wee our Answere to those bold affronts, by which he does challenge vs, vtterly disdayning to be called *Runne-awaies*: and vtterly disclayming those offences, for which that *London Whipper* is so ready to punish vs.

First then for the Name.

HEE is a *Runne-away*, who rather then he will learne a Trade (with some paynes) vnder a carefull Maister, turnes Roague, runnes into the Countrey a *Padding*, keepes company with *Gipseys*, and strowling Pedlers, fatting himselfe with the lazy bread of Sommer, tumbling (during that Season) in a Hay-cock with his *Dell*; and in Winter, lying snug in a Brick-kill with his *Doxy*: If you wonder how we came by this Language? you must thinke, that in our Trauailes we could not choose but meete with *Canters*.

Who are Runawaies.

A Run-away from his Maister.

Agen: He is a *Runne-away*, that being prest for a Soldier, runnes away from his Captaine ere he be sent a Ship-bord, or from his Cullors, before he comes to the Fight.

A Run-away from his Captaine.

He is a *Runne-away*, who haning got loose from a Sergeant, takes his heeles, and runnes away from him.

A Run-away from a Sergeant.

They

The Runne-awaies Answere:

Roaring Run-awayes.

They are *Runne-awaies*, who in a Tauerne Roaring in for more Wine then they are able to pay, giue a slippe out at the back doore, and so pawne a Drawer to the Barre for the Reckoning.

Good night Land-Lord Run-awayes.

Lastly, they are *Runne-awaies*, who lay the Key vnder the doore, and cry, Good night Land-lord.

None of these base *Ginges* are wee: wee scorne to sayle in such stinking Dung-boates. So much therefore for the Name of *Runne-awaies*.

Now for the Matter.

THe very Beginning of the Booke is able to make any Coward Runne away, for ther's a *Sett-Battaile*, a *Field* appoynted, the *Van* comming vp, and *London* leading it: then Shires and Counties prest to martch in the *Reare*; the Generall busy, Trompets sounding the Alarum, our Enemies about vs, and the Weapons brandished ouer our heads, which threaten to cutte our throates.

He has seene Finsbury fields Mustering.

Hee would make vs beleeue he has been a *Soldado* by his termes of Warre: In the Field dialect wee tell him, that true it is, when the Armada of Gods anger was preparing against vs, when the *Pestilence* beate at our Citty Gates, and the Arrowes of Infection flew into our Howses, when in the heate of the day the Mayne-battayle gaue ground, and that many (or most) of our Commanders left the Field; what should wee doe but flye? It was not out of base feare, but safety: It was not out of a desire to safety only, but feare, least so many dropping downe euery hower before our faces, there would be found not Officers nor Ministers enow to fetch off the wounded, or bury the Dead: Had we not reason to flye?

Flight not for feare, but safety, nor for safty, but on pollicy.

A rough *March* turnd to a weeping *Aprill*.

Before this tempestious weather beate vs, O! what glorious Sun-beames of Exultations, Reioycings, Hopes, and Comforts were rising to shine vpon vs? We swallowed vp nothing but the *East* and *West-Indies* in our Imaginations; the Golden-Age was comming in agen: Our English Almanacks seem'd to speake of none but Holy-daies: *Great-Brittaine* stood on the toppe of her white Cliffes triumphing; *London* on tiptoe, ouer-

All these Castles were built in the Ayre.

looking

looking all other Cities in the ſwelling pride of her approaching Fortunes: For no ſooner was the old King dead, but our gloomy Noone was changed into the cleereſt Euening that euer our liuing Eyes beheld.

A golden Sunne (within a few howers) lifted vp his head to reuiue vs; a new King was proclaymed, a *Iames* was loſt, but a *Charles* was found: A Queene was to come from *France*, and that Queene arriued in *England*: A Parliament was at hand, the Terme not farre off, Triumphes approaching, Pageants ſetting forward to meet our King and Queene going to their Coronation. No People could be fuller of ioy, no City prowder of happineſſe: When loe! a volley of Thunder ſhootes, and batters down all theſe ſumptuous Buildings: And was it not time to flye? Heauen ſaw vs boaſting in our owne ſtrengths, and growing angry at it, hath turnd it into weakeneſſe: Mirth hath ſhaken handes with Mourning, Riches with Miſery, Brauery with a Winding ſheete, Proſperity with the Peſtilence, Health with Sickneſſe, and Life with Death: And what is He would encounter with Theſe?

Earth leuels out the ground, but Heauen deuides the Acres.

Hereupon, the City fledde the City, and ſhun'd that Enemy which fallowed her, and hath ſince mette her in euery corner. *London* was great with Childe, and (with a fright) falling in Labor (her owne time being miſreckoned) was deliuered of none but Still-borne Children.

Folly to runne from that we can not ſhun.

Neuer was ſuch a ſudden Ioy changed into ſo ſudden a Lamentation: Thoſe Belles which were ready to cleaue the Ayre with echoes at King *Charles* his Coronation, did nothing preſently but ring out Knelles for his Subiects; by which meanes, as there is no Muſicke ſo ſweet as that of the Churches, none for daies and nightes together hath bin ſo iarring, ſo that in 13 weekes more then 33000. haue falne dead to the ground at their dolefull tunes: And who would (if he could chooſe) make one in ſuch dangerous Peales? Had wee not iuſt cauſe therefore giuen vs to flye?

Church-Muſick, beſt and worſt.

Be not you then (good Maiſter *Runne-away-Beater*) ſo ſharpe, ſpare your *Rodde* a little, and whippe vs not for going to ſee our * Freinds in the Countrey, we doe not thinke but You your ſelfe (could you haue gotte a Horſe) would haue bin

* They were gon abroad ere we came.

If there were, you would giue ouer your Trade of Pamphletts.

one of the Tribe of *Gad*, with one of your Comerades; for ther's no Dancing now to your *Theatrian* Poeticall Piping: Neither your *Frierians*, nor *Cock pitterians*, can for loue or money helpe you to a Plaudity, we wish for their owne sakes (and yours) they could: But many of them (that could get Winges) haue kept company with vs in our flight; neyther are Wee or They to be condemned; Flesh and Bloud naturally abhorres dissolution: All desire to begett Children, but none loue to see them buried: so mortally doe we hate the name of Death, that though we lye in our last Sheete, saue one (which must winde vs,) we hardly endure the Name of Dying. The very *Scrivener* who makes our Willes, as he is cunning in other thinges, so is he crafty in that Conueyance, and knowing what Word will fright vs, he goes about the Bush, and Writes thus: *When it shall please God to call Vs out of this transitory Life*: We must heere the string twang out Life still, albeit *Deaths* cold fingers pull vs by the Noses.

To flatter sick Mens Bodies may Foole away their Soules.

Agen, (to adde one handfull more of Corne to this Sheafe of Defence, made vp by the *Run-awayes*,) Know, that many of vs that haue shut vp Shoppes & are gon, are yonger-Brothers; and are assur'de, that euen owne Fathers, (*Knightes* by Degrees, and great Men in Possessions,) haue for sixe or seuen yeares together, suffred (nay at this very hower doe suffer) their owne Sonnes, (yea their only and Eldest Sonnes) miserably to languish in Coumpters, and other Prisons, vpon two shillings a weeke maintenance: This is good pollicy to tame an Vnthrift, but little charity to murder a Mans owne Childe: It's a safe Locke to tye to a *Runne-awayes* Legge, but thers too much Iron in't: At this Ward wee haue no great stomacks to lye; wee find our Fathers hard enough here, and are loath to tempt their affections, whether they will come to *London*, and cry to a Iaylor, *Fellow turne the Key, let me see in What nasty Chamber lyes my Sonne*. Wee are better as we are, and therfore fling away your *Rodde*, and doe not whippe vs for flying.

Young Cockes loue no coopes.

Besides, had we all tarried at home that are fledde, in what miserable cases (according to humane reason, not diuing into the deepe and insearchable Iudgements of God) had we all bin? If the *Country* loues vs not now that are amongst them in

The more that run away whē a Field is lost, the fewer fall.

per-

perfect health, how would they haue hated the *City* in her populous Thronges, when (perhaps) foure times the number now departed, had then bin smitten downe by the Contagion? What Markets would you haue had then? Where had Meate bin found to fill so many millions of mouthes? The casting out sometimes of Merchandize into the Sea in a Storme saues the rich Venture, and Our being driuen from the Fleete in so hideous a tempest, hath (we hope) giuen the rest of the Wether-beaten Nauy more sea-roome, and so aduantage to meete lesse danger.

Was it not hie time to take our heeles and be gon, when the *Doctors* themselues playd the *Runne-awayes*? *Doctors* for the Soule, and *Doctors* for the Body, they both fledde: Many of them that stood the *Battaile*, (and being worthy Commanders, fought brauely,) we heare are falne, and in their places (who were to looke to the Sicke and Wounded Souldier,) are crept into your *City*, a crew of prating *Emperickes*, cogging *Mountibanckes*, and cheating *Quacksaluers*, who if they cure one, kill twenty; it being more danger for an infected Man to fall into their handes, then for a sound Person to liue two dayes fasting in an infected House.

Whē the Leaders Flye, shall the Soldiers stand?

But what talke we of the slight of these? for *Phisick* and *Chirurgery*, (those two diuine Sisters sent from Heauen) are both of them puzzelld in their Readings, and driuen a to stand in their owne Practise. This Sicknes turnes Knowledge into Ignorance, for experimented Salues and Medicines forfet their wonted Vertues to astonishment and admiration. Our Flight then you see is Warranted by *Ecclesiasticall*, *Martiall*, *Polytickall*, and *Phisicall* Authority: Let vs not therefore here-after be termed *Runne-awayes*; for though many of our Fellow-*Londoners* are in our absence turned into *Pine-trees*, our hopes are at our Comming home, to begett a new and prosperous Plantation.

Phisick and Surgerie at a Non plus in this Sickneſſe.

If there fall good showers of Money, els not.

Well did the *Rodde-maker* indeed condemne vs for not leauing our *Armor* behind vs when we ran from the *Army*, (some peeces of Siluer to mainteyne the Poore:) But whole Troupes of Vs haue bin so beaten in this *Country-Leaguer*, that we haue Siluer little enough to mainteyne our selues: Beside, Numbers

All our Money in the Cuntry is turnd into *Quick siluer*.

(we are in feare) will be so blind with the *Country* dust flying vp into their eyes, they will hardly finde the right *Key-hole* whilst they liue (as they should doe) to open Shoppes agen; the Wardes of the Lockes (if not well *Oyld* before) will by that time (t'is thought) grow rusty. Let the Rich miserly *Runne-awaies*, who flie doe to saue their Liues for their Moneys sake, and to saue their Golden *Idolls* for their owne sake, let them (in Gods name) pay soundly for their *Horse race*; who haue too much *Iuice* may endure a *squesing*.

If the Poore pine for all, let the Rich pay for all.

If we left our Houses, and No body to keepe them, t'is but the fashion of Great-men, who reare vp Huge Buildings, in which dwell Rattes and Spiders more often then Hospitable Tennants.

Great-Men, Little-House-keepers.

Now whereas your *Qui mihi Discipulus*, (with his Birchen *Septer* in his hand) threatens to fetch Blood from vs, by telling what terrible Frightes we are like to be put into at our comming back: Alas! He drawes a Bowe too big for his strength, and shootes that Arrow without any ayme.

What did *Iob*, who had seuen Sonnes and three Daughters, 7000. Sheepe, and 3000. Camells, 500. yoke of Oxen, and 500 shee Asses: to him one Messenger came, and told him the *Sabeans* had tooke away his Oxen from the Plough, and the Asses, killing his Seruants: An other came and sayd, that Fire from Heauen had burned vp his Sheepe and Shepheards: An other that the *Caldeans* had seizd vpon his Cammells, and slew the Men: An other that all his Children were slayne by the fall of the House, as they were Banqueting at their eldest Brothers. But what sayd *Iob*? *Naked I came, and Naked I must hence: The Lord hath Giuen, and the Lord hath Taken.*

Iobs Estate.

His Losses.

His Patience.

Doe you thinke we are *Cast-awaies*, because counted *Run-awaies*? What should we feare? Say at our Returne to *London*, our Friends be departed, our Kindred lost, or Seruants dead, and our Goods spent vpon Whores in Tauernes; Or say, that comming out of the fresh Ayre, and falling sicke, none of you will come neere vs, because we Fled from you: Nay, say that *Ludgate* or the *Compters* must be our Innes, where if Infection setts her *Markes* vpon vs, neither *Creditor*, *Phisition*, *Surgion* nor *Apothecary* will resort to comfort vs: Yet haue we a helpe

No Cast-awaies, though Run-awaies.

in all this extremity; there is one Anchor to ride at in the fowlest Weather: One Friend hath promised to stick to vs all; and that Friend, is the Deere, Louing and Beloued *Earth*: When Sonne nor Daughter will come neere our Coffin, but shun our *Carcas* as loathsome Carion, yet euen then, that good *Grandame* (the aged *Earth*) will open her Armes and Hugge vs, and lay vs in Her lap, to take our euerlasting Sleepes, And shall we be affrayd to come back to *London*?

Well fare an old freind in a Corner.

No: for albeit your Whip-doodle was so bold to tell vs, that *Londoners* in the end of the last great Sickness, comming neere the City, looked pale, like men going to Execution, that comparison frights not vs; we, in plaine & merry English bid the *Twigger*, not to be in such feare of our comming backe: for an order will bee taken for some of vs, neuer to call at the *Counter* for a *Freemans Horse*, to carry him on foot to *Ludgate*. A many of our Iouiall Fraternitie are glad they haue this vnpolitike aduantage. They must haue been driuen to studie for a cleanly excuse, which breeds of it selfe (without teaching) is growne very mannerly.

We haue set vp our staffe already.

There bee men that dare eate Spiders: Monkeyes swallow them, and by them get sweet breaths: why then should not many Limbes of our Estates bee made the sounder by this Infectious fracture?

There is an *Ireland* to flie to, and a *Low-countries* to roare in, and a *Wales*, to keepe the winde of *Lawyers* from vs with her Mountaines: Wee can bee *Bankerupts* on this side, and *Gentlemen of a Company* beyond-Sea: bee burst at *London*, and piec'd vp in *Rotterdam*. The Sea is a Purger, and at Sea must our Fortunes take Phisicke.

O for a good Winde!

Tis but changing our Copy

Amongst many other euils, which might terrifie men from repayring to *London*, the griping hands of Clarkes of Churches, and their Sextons, and the villanous doggednesse of vncharitable Bearers, are two maine ones. Too many crie out vpon their cruelties; they flea the liuing, and dishonor the dead, by tearing money out of poore peoples throats, at the burial of Husbands, Wiues, or Children, when it were greater almes, to abate from such Vulturous Deuourers (those curriish *Coffin-Tossers*) their vnconscionable racking demands, and to giue it

These Bearers are worse then Beare-wards.

A Londoners money in the Countrey is brasse.

to the suruiuing distressed Creatures. Wee fare better in the Countrey; for there wee pay neither for Belles nor Bearers, neither Minister, Vicar, Sir *Domine*, nor his Clarke will take a penie for any of vs.

And they deale noblier, then wee heare a Citizen was dealt with, in a Towne not aboue two miles from *London*, whose Mayd-seruant there ending her life, the Hatches of a Ship are not so close, as the doores and windowes of that infidelian Village were; not one durst for money, digge a graue, no reward bribe the *Clunnicors* to carry the body to Church: insomuch that the Master of this Seruant was compelled with sixteene shillings (for vnder they would not goe) to hire foure *London-Bearers*, to carry her to her graue, whose casting vp likewise cost a price extraordinary.

16. s for foure London Bearers.

This dreadfull season of so many gastly apparitions, should (as wee thinke) fright all wickednesse out of the Citie: but wee heare it does not. For all the distance of miles betweene you and vs, the swearing and cursing amongst some of you, leaues a tingling in our eares. For, one woman hauing left Egges in a roome at her going foorth, and missing them (as forgetting where shee layd them) at her comming in, wished that the *Plague* might consume them that eate them. Yet after her anger was past, and forgetting her curse, they were dresst, and eaten by her children, all of them dying the next day after. You know this better then wee, and are neere to *Blacke-Friers* where the Curse fell; if you haue a minde to examine the truth.

Badd Egges hatch no good Chickens.

A Curse rebounded.

This was a *Rod for a Curser*: but this that is held vp next, was *a Rod to whip Presumption*.

A young man hauing some place in a Parish Church in *London*, being (as to vs it was reported) to locke vp the Churchyard, called to a man, who stood amazed at the deepe graues; and looking into one that was not filled vp, the other called to him to Come away, and (after a scoffing manner) told him, he were best stay there all night, and take vp his lodging. No, quoth the other, you may lye heere (for ought I know) before mee. I lye heere (said hee:) see, I can lye heere at my pleasure; and so leaping into the graue, and spreading his body vpon

No Iesting with God.

the dead, out hee came presently in a iesting manner: But going home, sickened that night, and lay there the next day in earnest. None but Doues i'th Countrey.

We haue no such foule-mouthed women neere the Villages wee incampe in: no such desperate youths so to tempt *Fate*. No, no, giue the Countrey people their due, and there are none like them liuing vpon the face of the earth. We Londoners dare sweare so much.

The true picture of the Countrey people.

IT is reported, that the gates of Innes, and doores of Victualling-houses are lock'd against vs, and that we are vsed like Dogges. Wee stand vp for the Countrey: This is false: Tis an arrant lye: for all the Countrey people take their houses of purpose for *Londoners*: and for vsage, they make more of vs, then they can of their owne kinne. And peepe out at loope-holes! Haue they not reason?

Most deare are they to the worst Citizen that comes within their doores: Marry wee must tell you, those are not very many; and the reason is, they will not (in a dangerous time) pester men together. Exceeding deare.

So well-giuen are they, that continually they * pray for vs: and when (in the open fieldes, for ayre sake, or vnder a hedge for cooleneſſe) wee sit downe to eate or drinke, they (good soules) will not touch so much as a bit of our Bread; it shall not be said, They turned vs out like starueling. To bee gone, For feare it chokes 'em.

So mannerly are they (now) growne, that if two or three Citizens walke through a Towne, all the Countrey people step presently in at doores, onely in modestie to giue them the Wall. A murren on their manners when they haue any.

And so cleanly are they in euery paltry Village, that if there bee but ten straggling houses, you shall not for your heart see a foule paire of sheets in any one of 'em. Nor cleanes ones neither.

Tis reported in *London*, that wee are lodged in *Barnes*, in *Hay-lofts*, *Hay cocks*, and *Stackes* of *Straw*: tis true, but why? Alas! when *Londoners* that haue trauaild hard, scramble to a Towne (all faint and weary) the honest Country people, point to such places, to the ende they may there lye soft, till their chambers bee prouiding. O! they are the louingest wormes Can any man wish more?

Earth

Tis pity they should.

Earth euer sent forth: I offer them money, they scorne to touch it: neither (hauing so many Gold-Smiths amongst them) doe they weigh Gold. Reach to take 'em by the hand, they will not doe it for an hundred pound. And why? Shall they and we be Haile-fellow, well met?

Neuer, vnlesse it be at foot-ball.

How grossely doe they wrong them, that report, how they stop their noses at vs, & would make *Bonfires* in their Townes to bee ridd of vs? This is another lye: They neuer come neere any of vs, but they are ready (*Kinde Whorsons*) to fall downe at our feet: and for ridding vs away; why, take your leaue of them neuer so often, any *Townesman* thinkes himselfe halfe vndone, if he but see a Londoner *Departing*.

Nay halfe-hangd.

Much more could wee speake in their praises, but wee are afraid theyle bee angry at this; for they loue not to haue their good deedes proclaimed to the World. Wee will therefore conceale, what they would haue hidden. And albeit wee can-

Who can proclaime them?

not glew vp Mens lippes, we know what we know of these People, and a good many of vs are sure to be *Bound* to *them* for euer.

We should be sorry else.

Leaue Them, and now to our Selues.

NOw shall you vnderstand what we doe, and how we liue. Or, though your *Beadle* who Whippes *Runne-awaies* saies, that we are merry in our Countrey houses, and sit e safe (as we thinke) from the gun-shotte of this Contagion, in our *Orchards* and *Gardens*: Yet we would haue him know, that we looke back vpon our *Disconsolate Mother* (the *City*,) we sigh at her sorrowes, weepe for her distresse, and are heauy in Soule, but to remember her Lamentations. Farre though She be from vs, yet doe her Miseries flye into our Bosomes: And albeit (out of humane frailety) we left her, hoping thereby not to fall into *Deaths* handes, (O wretched and dedeiaued Men that we are!) *Death* hath with his long Arme, reacht vs and our Families; and therefore, scithence there is no Corner in the Kingdome (were it as vast as the World) to hide vs from his Face, thus doe we Arme one an other against him.

Where the Treasure is the heart dwels.

Death is a nimble Foote-man and hath ouertaken vs.

In these and the like Speeches (now following) doe's the Absent Londoner *giue his fellow Citizen a little Consolation.*

A Run-awaies *Speech to his Fellow* Run-awaies,

Arming them (though flying from Death) to meete Death brauely, and face to face.

O My deere *Brothers*, and *Copartners* in misery! *Death* is a cruell *Creditor*, and will haue all that we owe him. Man is an imperfect Garden, and to keepe it from being ouer-run with Weedes, it must be turn'd into a *Graue*. As our Birth brings the beginning of all things, so our Death shewes vs the end of all things: For if thou hast liued but one day, thou hast seen all that *All Men* before in the World euer saw; the same *Light*, the same *Night*; they came in as thou did'st, and went out as thou must.

A Run-awaies Armour to be worne against Death.

Death then being a Part of our Selues, why should we flye our Selues? Men, nor their Liues are measur'd by the *Ell*, but by the *Spanne*: No matter how long Life is, but how Good: No matter how *Short*, so the *End* be sweet: It is but *Once*, and what happens but *once* can not be grieuous.

Nothing makes Death dreadfull, but *that* which followes Death: The *After-Reckoning* troubles all our *Arithmetick* how to *Cast* it vp: If nothing were to be hoped for after this Life, the baseſt Creature were more happy then Man.

Once intreated *Cæsar* that he might be put to death, because he was Old, and Lame and Crazed: But (quoth *Cæsar*) *Ar't sure to be dead Then?* Let vs all be *Cæsars*: Whether we liue or dye, lett vs be like *Belles* which at *Coronations* and *Funeralls* are one and the same *Ring*: In Health or Sicknes, Crosses or Comforts, Calmes or Tempests, in Country or in City, so Tune our Soules, that all the *Notes* may be *Sett* for Heauen.

An old Souldiers sute to *Cæsar*.

Men should be like Bells.

For *Death* hath his *A B C.* printed on euery thing we looke vpon. To behold *Sheetes* turnd downe (at bedde-time) puts vs in mind, that *that's* the last Garment which we shall euer weare. If a *Cloath* be but layd on a Table, thinke on a *Coarse*, and (in *feeding*) say to thy selfe; *I fatten this Body for Wormes, which one day (how soone I know not) will fatten themselues on mee.* Our Last Day is the *Maister-day*, looke to that well, and the *Calender* of thy life goes well.

Death's *A. B. C.*

The last Scæne crownes the Play.

The Run-awaies Answere

A Hot-spurre Londoner.

As thus we were Fortifying our selues against the Batteries of Death, into our company rushes a *Londoner*, (ore that fights vnder our Countrey Cullors,) and *Hee* in a passionate Exclamation, cryes out, Are you sending an Answere to *The Rodde for Runne-awayes*? And haue you written so *fully* in praise of our *Countrey-Landlords*; I am a *Tennant* as you are, let me pay them my *Rent* too, and so intreated that in our *Packet*, his Letters of Commendations might be inclosed, which begin thus.

Another manner of Picture, *drawne in* Lant-skip, *of the* Countrey, *shewing as well as the other, and (as some say that are tranaild into those places) trewer.*

Here the Morris begins Heres plaine dealing.

VT que erat impatiens iræ—O (quoth he!) Wee that haue left *London*, ran from a Storme to fall vpon a Ship-wrack; to saue our throates from cutting amongst Lambes, we haue been bitten by *Serpents*, stung by *Adders*, worried by *Wolues*, and sett vpon by *Lyons*.

The Name of Londoner hatefull,

That *Name* (of *Londoner*) which had wont to draw out a whole *Towne* to stare vpon him, and a *Church-yeard* full of People (after Seruice) to gape vpon his fine Cloathes, spruce silke-Stockins, and neate steeletto-fied Beard: That *Name*, to be Called by which, all the Land (from one end to the other) sends her *Sonnes*, here to Sow their Clownary, and to Reape Witte, out of that Witte, to Thrash Wealth, and by that Wealth to climbe to *Honor*: That *Name* is now so ill, that he is halfe hanged in the Countrey that has it: As *Spanish* Women (in Sir *Francis Drakes* time) had wont to still their *Ninnios* (their little Children,) with crying out, *Hush, the Drake comes*: So now, Men, Women and Children, cry out, *Away, Flye, a Londoner comes*.

Ninnio in Spanish is a boy.

A Londoner a Bugbeare.

In *Rufus* his Reigne, an *English-man* durst not in his owne Countrey say he was an *English-man*; a *Londoner* now is at the same passe.

Be a *Londoner* neuer so reuerend for Age, neuer so Gallant, neuer so full of Gold and Siluer, neuer so sweet in behauiour, so bewitching in Language, and but once come to be examined by (those Russet *Images* of *Authority*) the Conntrey Bill-men, he speakes

ſpeakes to the *North wind*, courts a *Porpoſe* at Sea, ſeekes to ſoften a *Rocke*, and ſtroakes a *Beare* in the Bayting: Euery one of theſe *Tytiries* is a Caſe of Rapiers to a ſingle Ponyard.

To Bayte one of theſe Beares in Smithfield would make good ſpott.

It is no *Tickling* the like *Troutes*, to make 'em turne vp their Bellies; No, he that makes himſelfe a Lambe amongſt them is worried: Feed a Foole ſo long as he will cramme, and he burſts his Belly: The more you fawne on them, the ſooner they flye in your face: As Heate makes a Flea to skippe, ſo the warme breath of a *Londoners* mouth is able to make a *Hay-Gee* Gentleman ready to leape out of his skinne through feare.

Suttle Gudgeons.

A Hay-gee Gentleman.

Silly Creatures! their Countrey Spirits goe but with *Wherries*, *Oares* would drowne them; but miſerable *Animals* are they to be ſo cowardly, for *Feare* is a terrible Hangman, and his Halters doe they tye about their Owne Neckes. What can be more Noble then to doe Good? and what more Good then not to doe ill? But here in the Countrey (amongſt the Barbarous ſort) he is counted a Varlet that dares be mercifull, and he a good *Townſe-man* that dares turne Diuell.

To goe Braue here, and for a Clowne not to care a Straw for you: Nay, in a Drincking-ſchoole to haue him in his Sweate ſitte aboue you, and giue you baſe language, which you dare not for your guttes but put vppe, is no more diſgrace then to ſtand Bare to a Conſtable in *England*, goe Lowzy in *Ireland*, or to Fare hard in *Spayne*.

No diſgrace in the Country to haue a Horſe-Fly play with your noſe.

To ſtand and *Ieere* a Londoner in ſcorne, as he paſſes along, is the *Countrey Poſture*: To walke by, with an inſinuating face, lifting vp the Beauer, and crindging to a Carter is our *City-Poſture*.

This Faſhion will not hold long we trow.

If now you demand how amongſt theſe *Heluetians*, we weare out our wearieſome time; Here's one of the Bottoms. Of the Kinges of *Macedon*, who ſucceeded *Alexander* the Great, ſome were afterwards glad to become *Ioyners*, *Scriueners*, *Painters* and ſuch like: So *Dioniſius* King of *Sicily*, kept a Schoole in *Corinth*: So *Ælfrede* a *Saxon*, King of *England*, was forced in extremity to dwell with a Cow-herd in *Summerſet-ſhire*: And ſo, many Citizens that haue been brauer Fellowes then Whiffers on *Simon* and *Iudes* Day, are fayne (in a number of Shires through *England*) to turne *Hay-makers*, *Cock Barley*, and ſweat

One King a Schoole-Maiſter, another a Cow-Heard.

He must needs goe whom the Diuell driues.

with Pitching the Cart with Corne, thereby to win the hearts of *those*, whose loues by no alurements can be won to them: For as *Pitty* amongst the *Stoickes* was held a vitious Passion; So our Countrey *Gnoffes* (*Hob*, *Dick*, and *Hick*) are turnd *Stoickes*, and hate Pitty worse then a Lawyer does a Clyent in *Forma-Pauperis*,

We hope for better winter-Fruite.

These are the sower *Plummes* with which we haue bene fed in the Countrey; we send them to you for *Samples*; but if you should after dinner haue all these sorts of *Raw Fruict* set before you, which were gathred for vs, and that you were constrayned to eate them, as we were, it is impossible but to driue you into *Consumptions*, for many of vs here are falne into that Languishing *Disease*: and we feare it will follow vs to *London*.

We will steale in by Owle-light but we'le see her.

To *London*! O Best-beloued of Cities, what sorrowes doe feele when we name thee, because euen then we can not see thee? As Children long banished from Parents, at their first sight of them, Teares on eythers side (of Ioy) will seale vp all vtterance of Language, so will it fare with vs when we behold *Thee*.

Astonished shall we stand, too heare thee relate the Tragicall Ouerthrowes of thy Sonnes and Daughters, (our Brothers and Sisters:) And as sadly wilt thou sitte, listning to the Stories of our *Peregrinations*, in this Wildernes of English Wilde-men.

And they reward thee well for it.

Nightes and dayes hast thou opened thy Gates to receiue *them* into thy buildings: How often hast thou nourished them with the Milke of thy Brestes? How often hast thou emptied thy Coffers, to furnish them with Money? How many of their Sonnes hast thou taken from the Plough, and from their Poore and Rusticall Parents, and plac'd those Sonnes (after thou hadst Tutord them) on the *Pinacles* of *Honor*? not only to stand there with commanding Eyes ouer thy Inhabitants (O now deiected *London*!) but from thence, thou hast prefer'd them, to ride in more glorious Chariots, and to attend as Counsellors, on many of our English Kinges.

Yet (ingratefull as they are!) *Vs* haue they in our forest extremities, thrust out of Doores, denyed vs house-roome, euen in their Stables amongst their Horses, refuzde for Money to throw vs Meate, (as Hunters doe to their Dogges:) and vsing

vs,

vs, our Wiues and Children, (numbers of vs being their owne naturall Children) with a more then *Turkish cruelties*; As if none els in this Kingdome had deserued punishment from Heauen, but thou only (deerest *Mother*,) and that God were the God of a City alone, and not of the Countrey.

But stay, whither are wee caried? why does this torrent of mourning and complaining breake in to ouerwhelme vs, when an Arme from heauen hath stucke vp a Land-marke to saue vs from drowning? The weekely Bills are come downe (like the Doue out of *Noahs Arke*, with her Oliue-branch, a blessed signe that the waters are fallen!) O excellent Musicke! See fellow-Citizens, Death hath not cut off so many as he did in his foure last Battails, by 3000. persons and odde. God begins to repent him of his anger, albeit numbers of vs repent not of our sinnes. Celestiall harmony played vpon 3000 strings; the Bells haue a desire to lessen their Consort, they haue wearied themselues with playing sad lessons, and deafned the Ayre to stay day and night to heare them. These are Bankets vnlookt for (therefore the sweeter; these are comforts vndeserued, (and therefore the welcomer.) Our hearts being not a little (but wonderfully) reuiued, we will with some Tales of our owne misfortunes here in the Countrey, bestow vpon you one half houres recreation.

The Bills decreasing, are Ioyes increasing.

A *Londoner* of great Estate, riding at the beginning of the Contagion, with his wife and two onely children (hauing no more) was for his money well receiud into a Town, lodged in a faire house, the country-neighbors resorted to him, and were glad of welcomes, for their stomackes were not so subiect to *Qualmes*, and watry spittings, as since they are fallen into. But in the end, God (to shew how far-soeuer we flie, hath wings to ouer-take vs) laid his hand vpon this *Londoners* two children, strucke them with sickneſſe first, and in a few dayes after with Death.

A Caueat for Run-awayes.

Being dead, the *Londoner* (struck in yeares) fell into consideration of his leauing the Citie, & (full of sorrow) much lamented his departing from it, most peremptorily condemning himselfe, as guilty of pulling downe the wrath of heauen vpon his two sweet Babes, for his hastie flying (like *Adam*) out of Gods reach, when at the holding vp of a finger, hee would finde him

out. This added some heauy weights to his sorrow, yet this seemed nothing, to what was layd vpon him afterwards. For his two children lying dead vpon a table, the Minister would not come neere him to bury them; no Clarke (to get a Parsons liuing) would venture to Church with them; there was none to dig a graue for as much ground as the whole town stood vpon; and for Coffins! had he bin owner of coffers filld with gold, hee could not with them haue hired a fellowe to make one. Then came into his mind the happinesse of *Londoners* at home: for all their miseries, for all the tedious marchings of threescore or fourscore in a day to one Churchyard, yet there was a *Comfort*, a *blessing*, a *reioycing*, to see those bodies receiue decent Christian Buriall. Had his children bin snatchd from him in *London*, I could, said he (his heart-strings being ready to crack with sighing) haue had friends and kinred, to accompany them to their graues: no Ceremonies should haue beene wanting due to the dead: But now! and then he brake off; recollecting his spirits, and resoluing to make a vertue of necessitie, He determined (seeing no other remedy) to bury his children himselfe. A graue hereupon he digged in the handsomest fashion he could, & then fetching first one child, and after, the other (his Wife being a partner in this tragicall passage) he read Seruice ouer them; the Mother, when he came to these words, *Earth to earth, Ashes to ashes*, performing that dutie.

A rich Farher Sexton to his own Children.

This is too sad; heres one more merry. A Prentice of *London* being handsomly attired in one faire sute, and carrying another down with him, went to see his mother in the country 45 miles from *London*; with fetching a compasse (for he knew what danger it was to fall into the hands of that *English-Spanish Inquisition*, (the *Muster* of *Billmen*) he gat into the backside of his Mothers house; to her, notice being giuen, that her sonne was come from *London*, shee was ready to fall into a swound; shee could not hold a ioynt; her cheekes lookd pale, & her eyes with feare almost setled in her head: In the end, Affection conquering Passion, she ventur'd to see him. He, as she was approching, falling on his knees for her blessing, the first word she vttered was this, *God blesse thee, & God blesse me from comming neere thy company*. And so charging him as yet not to come into the house

A Mother and her Sonne.

house, but to keepe himselfe in an out *Wood-pile*, whither a Bed should be sent him, with which the yong man was content, only it grieued him, that his mother (all the time that shee talked with him) stood not onely a great distance from him, but held her nose betweene her fingers.

My yong Master had brought a *Comrade* with him, who was to leaue him the next morning: that night therfore they would be merry: good drinke was sent them by a Mayd, who set it a farre off, and they must fetch it: then had they a ioynt of Meat laid to the fire, which was likewise sent them, but with this cō- dition, They were to eat it vp euery bit; for not so much as the bones they left, should bee giuen to any dogge in the house or towne. Night being come, & our trauailing *Caualiers* hauing a desire to drinke *Tobacco*, which they brought with them: a clowne of the house (when the mother was in bed) pluckt vp a good heart, rubbd his cheekes and forehead, gaue halfe a score hemmes, to fetch vp his spirit, which ran to his heeles, and lighting a candle, swore, *Come life, come death*, he would to his yong Master, he had but a breath to lose, knew he was *grasse and hay*; but (how mortall soeuer) he would to Master *Iohn*, and drinke a whiffe with him. The valiant *Desper-view* did so: but the Watch walking the *Round* (when the Pipes were discharging) the candle plaid the *Tel-tale*, & told them; two *Londoners* were there. Vpon this, the Towne was instantly in a *Hoobbub*, the house beset with *Browne-Bills*, and *Authority* in a *Base-Organ-pipe-voice* commanded the two dangerous Londoners to bee trudging, there was no staying for them there. The mother arose, curst *Tobacco* that ere it came to light, stood stoutly for her son awhile; yet the town-bullets of threats & persuasions thumping about her eares, in th'end she yeelded, they shold raise the siege, and depart with *Bag and baggage* the next morning.

The Conditions had bene good in a deare yeare.

A valiant Coward.

More feard then hurt.

In shew they did so, and marchd both away with small dishonor; but the sonne secretly returnd agen at night, was lodged in some remote roome (good for nothing but a Londoner) & there kept till a new Suit was made him; which done, hee was washed naked twice or thrice, his other clothes ayrd in a ouen, yet being smelt out, his mothers house was shut vp for a month after.

In another place, a poore man dying in the fields (as hundreds

round

round about the Country haue done the like) none would come neere the body, none giue it Christian (nay any) buriall: so that it lay so long aboue ground, that Hounds or Hoggs had eaten out his bowels, and so was left that beasts might end as they had begun, to make their bellies serue for his graue. And this hapned within few miles of *Kiddermaster*.

A Mans bowels eaten out by Doggs or Hoggs.

We could tel you 500 dismal euents hapning in the country, & put by the people vpon vs, & all others that trauell: so wretchedly haue they handled men in some places, that when a shilling has bin offred for a can of faire water, it could not be had for money, because they durst not come neere the parties; and in one poore village, a Horse-smith, who neuer in his life was worth halfe a Barre of Iron, swore he would not shooe a Londoners Horse for ten pound.

We could giue you a full Picture of many others, drawn with infinite absurdities about them of their owne naturall committing. But in doing so, we shall but disgrace our owne Nation, and leaue a discouery to the world how weakely *Mann'd* their *Soules* are with *Faith*, and a confident resolution, in the Omnipotent mercy of God.

It is fitt to *Fly*, and withstand this Pestiferous *Enemy* by all faire and lawful meanes, but These Countrey people run backward (with too much feare, but no wit) so that at euery footes remouing, they are in danger to breake their owne neckes.

O *London*! how we hunger & thirst to be within thy walles: Would to Heauen the Citie and Countrey were diuorc'd, and we parted from them, Away we determine to come, yet with many Arguments are frighted from setting forward: Wee lay seuerall *Plots*, but build vpon none: *Sound* euery little *Creeke*, and *Riuer*, and finde the water in some places too shallow, and in some too deepe, therefore too perrillous.

Scinditur incertum studia in contraria Vulgus.

We Londoners *a thousand Questions make,*
Which way to goe, yet know not which to take.

If we put not in at *London*, God prosper vs in our next voyage, which is, that we may all meet in Heauen.

FINIS.